

DARBY'S PROPHYLACTIC FLUID.

A Household Article for Universal
Family Use.

BRADICATES
MALARIA.

For Scurvy and
Typhoid Fevers,
Diphtheria, Saliva-
tion, Ulcerated
Sore Throat, Small
Pox, Measles, and
all Contagious Diseases. Persons suffering from
the Sick should use it freely. Scurvy Fever has
never been known to spread where the Fluid was
used. Yellow Fever has been cured with it after
black vomit had taken place. The worst
case of Diphtheria yielded to it.

SMALL-POX
and
FITTING OF SMALL
POX PREVENTED.
A member of my family
was taken with
small-pox. I used the
Fluid; the patient was
not ill, and was cured
in a few days. It was
used by the house again in three
weeks, and no others
had it. — J. W. PARK-
MAN, Philadelphia.

Diphtheria
Prevented.
The pharynx here
used Darby's Fluid very
successfully in the treat-
ment of Diphtheria.
A. STOLLAR, Ala.
Tuberculosis cured.
Cholera prevented.
Ulcers purified and
healed. In cases of Death
it should be used and the
corpses—J. E. S. S. S.
Wood, Ky., Ala.

Scoury Fever
Cured.

Yanderbilt University, Nashville, Tenn.
I testify to the most excellent quality of Prof.
Darby's Prophylactic Fluid. As a disinfectant and
deodorant it is both theoretically and practically
sound, and its use is recommended by the
authorities. — N. T. LORRAN, Prof. Chemistry.

Darby's Fluid is Recommended by
Hon. A. A. HARRIS, U. S. Senator, of Georgia.
Rev. C. F. DUNN, D.D., Church of the
Bible, N. Y.
Rev. L. C. CUMMINGS, Prof. University, S. C.
Rev. A. J. BAKER, Prof. Marine University.
Rev. Geo. F. FRANK, Bishop of the
Episcopal Church, N. Y.

INDISPENSABLE TO EVERY HOME.
Perfectly harmless. Used internally or
externally for Malaria or Fever.

The Fluid has been thoroughly tested, and we
have abundant evidence that it has done everything
claimed. For fuller information get of your
Druggist a pamphlet or send to the proprietors,
J. H. ZHILIN & CO.,
Manufacturing Chemists, PHILADELPHIA.

Published by Request.
THE DRUNKARD'S LAMENT.

COMPOSED BY JOHN ADDISON, WHILE IN JAIL,
AND CONSIDERED TO BE THE WORK
OF HIS WIFE.

Oh, sinners, poor sinners, take warning by me,
The fruits of transgression behind you see;
My soul is tormented, my body confined,
My friends and dear children in weeping
behind.

Much intoxication my ruin has been,
And my dear companion I have barbarously
slain;
In yonder cold graveyard her body doth lie,
While I am condemned and shortly must die.

A solemn death's warning to drunkards I leave;
And while this frail body lies cold in the grave,
Remember John Addison's death and reform;
Lest justice o'ertake you and vengeance come on.

A life of repentance can never atone
For that cruel act my hands have done.
I am guilty, condemned,—'tis right I should
die,
Therefore let all drunkards take warning by me.

Farwell, my dear children, wherever you be,
Tho' quiet young and tender, and dear unto me;
I leave you exposed in nature's wide field,
To all the sad dangers of this wicked world.

No father to teach you, no mother to guide
Your tender affections from sin's rapid tide;
No fortune to shield you from hunger or cold;
My poor little orphans I cast on the wide world.

Should want oppress you, and hunger come on,
You would cry for your mother, but, alas! she
is gone;
Your father, enraged, struck her hard on the
head;
She groined, bled, and languished, and now she
is dead.

Oh! for using strong drink I may weep and may
cry,
But am justly condemned by the law now to die;
And leave my dear children to the gallow's
tree,
While their poor old father to the gallow's
must go.

My heart melts with sorrow, mine eyes over-
flow,
But soon I must bid my dear children adieu,
I hope my kind neighbors their guardians will
be,
And heaven, kind heaven, will save them from
woe.

When sorrow surrounds me, and troubles in-
crease,
This world can't console me nor grant me re-
lief;
There is none but my Saviour, whose mercies
are free,
Can pardon and comfort a rebel like me.

My soul to His mercies I humbly resign,
And with saints and angels I hope I shall join,
To tell of the wonders of Jesus' love,
That pardons poor sinners and crowns them above.

NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND.
A MATTER OF FACT ROMANCE.

By CHARLES READE.

CHAPTER XXX.

The jailer had been outwitted by the
priest. Hawes had sneaked after Fry to
beg him for Heaven's sake—that was the
phrase he used—not to produce his journal.
Fry thought this very hard, and it took
Hawes ten minutes to coax him over.
Mr. Eden had calculated on this, and
worked with the attested copy, while
Hawes was wasting his time suppressing
the original. Fry back to Mr. Lacy; he al-
lowed five minutes more to elapse; all
which time his antagonist was pumping
truth into the judge's gallow's stroke.
At last came Mr. Hawes to protect him-
self and baffle the parson; he came, he met
Mr. Lacy at the dead prisoner's door, and
read the deed.

Mr. Lacy joined the justices in their
room. "I have one question to ask you,
gentlemen, before I go: How many at-
tempts at suicide were made in this jail
under Captain O'Connor while he was jailer?"

"I don't remember," replied Mr. Wil-
liams.

"It would be odd if you did, for no one
such attempt took place under him."

"Are you aware how many attempts at
suicide took place during the two years
that this Hawes governed a part of the
jail, being kept in some little shack by
O'Connor, but not much, as unfortunately
you encouraged the inferior officer to defy
his superior? Five attempts at suicide
during this period, gentlemen. And now,

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do you know how many such attempts
have occurred since Mr. Hawes has been
sole jailer?"

"I really don't know. Prisoners are al-
ways shamming," replied Mr. Woodcock.

"I do not allude to feigned attempts, of
which there have been several, but to de-
sperate attempts, some of which have left
the prisoner insensible, some have resulted
in his death—how many of these?"

"Four or five, I believe."

"Ah, you have not thought it worth
while to inquire! Ham! well, fourteen at
least. Come in, Mr. Eden. Gentlemen,
you have neglected your duty. Making
every allowance for your inexperience, it
is still clear that you have undertaken the
supervision of a jail, and yet have exer-
cised no actual supervision; even now the
life or death of the prisoners seems to you
a matter of indifference. If you are re-
ckless on such a point as this, what chance
have the minor circumstances of their wel-
fare of being watched by you? and, frank-
ly, I am puzzled to conceive what you
proposed to yourselves when you under-
took an office so important, and requiring
so great vigilance. I say this, gentlemen,
merely to explain why I can not have the
pleasure I did promise myself of putting
one of your names into the royal commis-
sion which will sit upon this prison in
compliance with the chaplain's petition."

Mr. Eden bowed gratefully, and his
point being formally gained, he hurried
away to make up for lost time, and visit
his longed-for prisoners. While he passed
like sunshine from cell to cell, Mr. Lacy
took a note or two in solemn silence, and
the injustices conferred. Mr. Palmer
whispered: "We had better have taken
Mr. Eden's advice." The other two snort-
ed ill-assured defiance. Mr. Lacy looked
up. "You will hold yourselves in readi-
ness to be examined before the commis-
sion."

At this moment Mr. Hawes walked into
the room without his mask, and in his own
brawling voice—the voice he spoke to pris-
oners with—addressed himself with great
insolence of manner to Mr. Lacy: "Don't
trouble yourself to hold commissions over
me. I think myself worth a great deal
more to the Government than they have
ever been to me. What they give me is
little enough for what I have given them;
and when insults are added to a man of
honor and an old servant of the Queen, be-
lieve his commission in your face!" and
the unvarnished ruffian flung his voice to a
roar, and with his hand flung an imagi-
nary commission into Mr. Lacy's face, who
drew back astounded, then, resuming his
honeyed manner, Hawes turned to the jus-
tices: "I return to your hands, gentle-
men, the office I received from you. I
thank you for the support you have afford-
ed me in my endeavors to substitute dis-
cipline for the miserable laxity, and sloven-
liness, and dirt we found here; and your
good opinion will always console me for
the insults I have received from a crack-
brained parson and his tools in the jail and
out of it."

"Your resignation is accepted," said Mr.
Lacy, coldly; "and as your connection
with—Jail is now ended, in virtue of my
powers from the Secretary of State, which
I here produce, I give you the use of the
jailer's house for a week, that you may
have time to move your effects; but for
many reasons it is advisable that you
should not remain in the jail a single hour-
be so good, therefore, as to quit the jail as
soon as you conveniently can. One of
the turnkeys shall assist you to convey to
your house whatever you have in this
building."

"I have nothing to take out of the jail,
man," replied Hawes, rudely, "except"
and here he did a bit of patois and digi-
tary—"my zeal for her majesty's service and
my integrity."

"Ah!" replied Mr. Lacy, quietly, "you
won't want any help to carry them."

Mr. Hawes left the room, bowing to the
justices, and ostentatiously ignoring the
Government official. Mr. Williams shout-
ed after him. "He carries our respect
wherever he goes," said this magistrate,
with a fidelity worthy a better cause. The
other two hang their heads, and did not
echo their chief. The tide was turned
against Jailer Hawes, and these two were
not the articles to swim against a stream,
even though that stream was truth.

Mr. Hawes met the printing-press coming
in, and the loom following it (naturally); he
scowled at them and growled. Evans held
the door open for him with a look of joy
that stirred all his bile again. He turned
on the very threshold, and spat a volley of
oaths upon Evans. Evans at this put down
his head like a bull, and running fiercely
with the huge door, slammed it close on
his heel with such force that the report
rang like a thunder-clap through the entire
building, and the ex-jailer was in the street.

Five minutes more, the printing-press
and loom were re-installed, and the print-
ing-jacket packed up and sent to London
to the Home Office. Ten minutes more
the cranks were examined by the artist in
iron. Mr. Eden had sent for, and all con-
demned, it being proved that the value of
their resistance stated on their lying faces
was scarce one-third of their actual resist-
ance!

Five minutes more, Mr. Eden had placed
in Mr. Lacy's hands a list of prisoners to
whom a free pardon ought now to be ex-
tended, some having suffered a somewhat
shorter period, but a greater weight of mis-
ery than the judges had contemplated in
their several sentences; and others being
so shaken and depressed by separate con-
finement pushed to excess, that their life
and reason now stood in peril for want of
open air, abundant light, and free inter-
course with their species. At the head of
these was poor Strutt an old man crushed
to clay by separate confinement recklessly

applied. So alarming was this man's por-
por to Mr. Eden, that after trying in vain
to interest him in the garden, that observer
ventured on a very strong measure. He
had learned from Strutt that he could play
the fiddle; what does he do but run and
fetch his own violin into the garden, tune
it, and plays some most inspiring, rollick-
ing old English tunes to him! A spark
came into the fishy eye of Strutt. At the
third tune the old fellow's fingers began to
work impatiently. Mr. Eden broke off di-
rectly, put fiddle and bow into Strutt's
hand, and ran off to the prison again to ar-
rest melancholy, despair, lunacy, stagna-
tion, mortification, putrefaction, by every
art that philosophy and mother-wit could
suggest to Christianity.

This determined man had collected his
teaching mechanics again, and he had them
all into the prison the moment Hawes was
out. He could not get the cranks con-
demned as monsters—the day was not yet
come for that; so he got them condemned
as liars, and in their place tasks of rational
and productive labor were set to most of
the prisoners, and London written to for
six more trades and arts.

A copy of the prison rules was cut into
eight portions, and eight females prisoners
set to compose each her portion. Copies
to be printed on the morrow, and put up in
every cell, according to the wise provision
of Rule 10, defied by the late jailer for an
obvious reason. Thus in an hour after the
body of Hawes had passed through that
gate, a firm and adroit hand was wiping
his gloomy soul out of the cells as we wipe
a blotch of ink out of a written page.

Care too was taken every prisoner should
know the late jailer was gone forever. This
was done to give the wretches a happy
night. Ejaculations of thanksgiving burst
from the cells every now and then; by
some mysterious means the immured seem-
ed to share the joyful tidings with their
fellows, and one pulse of hope and triumph
beat and thrill through all the life that
waned and withered there encased in stone;
and until sunset the faint notes of a fiddle
struggled from the garden into the temple
of silence and gloom, and astounded every
ear.

The merry tunes as Strutt played them
sounded like dirges, but they enlivened
him as they sighed forth. They stirred his
senses, and though his senses his mind, and
through his mind his body, and so the au-
thorologist made a fiddle help save a life,
which fact no mortal man will believe
until he has seen the blindfold author and
man and investigate the "crustacean-onid-
uncle."

The cranks being condemned, rational
industry restored, and the law resented on
the throne a manslaughtering deade had
naupred, the champion of human nature
went home to drink his tea and write the
plot of his sermon.

He had won a great battle, and felt his
victory. He showed it too in his own way.
On the evening of this great day his voice
was remarkably gentle and winning, and
a celestial light seemed to dwell in his eyes;
no word of exaltation; no direct self-con-
gratulation; and he made no mention of
the prison all the evening. His talk
was about Susan's affairs, and he paid his
warm thanks to her and her aunt for all
they had done for him. "You have been
true friends, true allies," said he; "what
do I not owe you! You have supported me
in a bitter struggle, and now that the day
is won, I can find no words to thank you as
I ought."

Both these honest women colored and
glittered with pleasure, but they were too
modest to be ready with praise or to bandy
compliments.

"As for you, Susan, it was a master-stroke
your venturing into my den."

"Oh! we turn bold when a body is ill,
don't we, aunt?"

"I am not shy, for one, at the best of
times," remarked the latter.

"Under Heaven you saved my life; at
least I think so, Susan, for the medicinal
power of such influence is immense; I
am sure it is apt to be underrated; and
then it was you who flew to Malvern and
dragged Gelson to me at the crisis of my
life; dear little true-hearted friend, I am
sorry to think I can never repay you."

"You forgot, Mr. Eden," said Susan, al-
most in a whisper, "I was paid beforehand."

I wish I could convey the native grace,
and gentle dignity of gratitude with which
the former's daughter murmured these four
words, like a duchess acknowledging a
kindness.

"Oh!" inquired Mr. Eden, "oh! ah! I
forgot," said he, naively. "No! that is
nonsense, Susan; you have still an im-
mense debt against my name; but I know a
way—Mrs. Davies, for as simple as I sit
here, you see in me the ecclesiastic that
shall unite this young lady to an honest
man, who, report says, loves her very dearly;
so I mean to square our little account."

"That is fair, Susan; what do you say?"

"I, aunt! why, I shouldn't look upon
it as a marriage at all if any clergyman but
Mr. Eden said the words."

"That is right," laughed Mr. Eden; "al-
ways set some little man above some great
thing, and then you will always be a wo-
man. I must write the plot of my sermon,
ladies, but you can talk to me all the same."

He wrote and parried every now and then
to the women, who purred to each other,
and now and then to him. Neither Hawes
nor any other irritation rankled in his
heart, or even stuck fast in his memory.

He had two sermons to prepare for Sunday
next, and he threw his mind into them as
he had into the battle he had just won.
"Hoc agebat!"

CHAPTER XXXI.

His reverence in the late battle showed

himself a strategist, and won without bring-
ing up his reserves; if he had failed with
Mr. Lacy, he had another arrow behind in
his quiver. He had been twice to the
mayor and claimed a coroner's jury to sit
on the suicide; the mayor had consented,
and the preliminary steps had been taken.

The morning after the jailer's dismissal
the inquest was held. Mr. Eden, Evans,
Fry, and others were examined, and the
case came as clear as the day and black as
the night.

When twelve honest Englishmen, men of
plain sense, not men of system, men taken
from the public, not from public offices, sat
in a circle with the corpse of a countryman
at their knees, *flabat lux*, 'twas as though
twelve suns had burst into a dust-hole.

"Manslaughter!" cried they; and they
sent their spokesman to the mayor, and
said yet more light must be let into this
dust-hole, and the mayor said: "Ay, and it
shall, too. I will write to London and de-
mand more light." And the men of the
public went to their own homes and told
their wives and children and neighbors
what cruelties and villainies they had un-
earthed; and their hearers, being men and
women of that people which is a God in
intellect and in heart, compared with the
criticisms that try to misguide it with their
shallow guesses and cast, and with the
clerks that execute it in other men's names,
cried out: "See now! What is the use of our
building courts of law or prisons, unless
they are to be opened upon us. Shut us
out, keep walls and gates closed between
us and our servants, and what comes of our
courts of law and our prisons? Why, they
turn nests of villainy in less than no time."

The twelve honest Englishmen had hard-
ly left the jail an hour, crying, "man-
slaughter!" and crying "ah!" when all in
a moment "Tomb!" fell a single heavy
stroke of the great prison bell. The heart
of the prison leaped, and then grew cold—
a long, chill pause, then "Tomb!" again.
The jurymen had told most of his fellow-
sufferers how Josephus was driven into his
grave, and now—

"Tomb!" the remorseless iron tongue
crashed out one by one the last sad, stern
monosyllables of this sorrowfullest of hu-
man tales.

They put him in the coffin ("Tomb") a
boy of sixteen, who would be alive now
but that catfies, whom God confound on
earth, made life an impossibility to him
("Tomb"), and that Shallow and Wood-
cocks, whom God confound on earth, and
unconscious, non-resisting inspectors
flunkies, humbugs, hirelings, whom God
confound on earth ("Tomb"), left these
seconds months after months, and year
after year, unwatched, though largely paid
by the Queen and the people to watch
them. ("Tomb!") Look on your work,
hirelings, and listen to that bell, which
would not be tolling now if you had been
men of brains and scruples, instead of sor-
did hirelings. The priest was on his knees,
praying for help from heaven to go through
the last sad office with composure, for he
feared his own heart when he should come
to say "ashes to ashes" and "dust to dust"
over this hapless boy that ought to be in
life still. And still the great bell tolled,
and many of the prisoners were invited
kindly in a whisper to come into the chap-
el; but Fry could not be spared, and
Hodges fiercely refused. And now the
bell stopped, and as it stopped the voice of
the priest arose, "I am the resurrection
and the life."

A deep and sad gloom was upon all as
the last sad offices were done for this poor
young creature cut short by foul play in
the midst of them. And for all he could
do the priest's voice trembled often, and a
heavy sigh mingled more than once with
the holy words.

What is that? "this our brother!"—a
thief, our brother?—the priest made some
mistake, those were the words; pause on
them.

Two great characters contradicted each
other to the face over dead Josephus. Un-
holy State said, "Here is the carcass of a
thief whom I and society honestly believe
to be of no more importance than a dog, so
it has unfortunately got killed between us
no matter how. Take this carcass and
bury it," said unholly State. Holy Church
took the poor abused remains with rever-
ence, prayed over them as she prays over
the just, and laid them in the earth, call-
ing them "this our brother." Judge now
which is all in the wrong, unholly State or
holy Church, for both can not be right.

Now, while the grave is being filled in,
judge, women of England and America,
between these two—unholly State and holy
Church. The earth contains no better
judges of this doubt than you. Judge, and
I will bow to your verdict with a reverence
I know male cliques too well to feel for
them in a case where the great capacities
heart alone can enlighten the clever little
narrow shallow brain.

Thus, in the nineteenth century, in a
kind-hearted nation, under the most hu-
mane sovereign the world has ever wit-
nessed on an earthly throne, the holy
Church in vain denouncing the miserable
sinners that slay the thief, their brother,
Edward Josephus, has been done to death
in the Queen's name, in the name of Eng-
land, and in the name of the law.

But each of these great insulted names
has its sworn defenders, its honored and
paid defenders.

It is not for us to suppose that men so
high in honor will lay aside themselves
and turn curs.

Er! close this long story, let us hope I
shall be able to relate with what zeal and
honor statesmen downed and punished
wholesale manslaughter done in the name
of the State, and with what zeal and hor-
ror judges disowned and punished whole-
sale manslaughter done in their name; and

so, in all good men's eyes, washed off the
blood with which a hireling had bespatter-
ed the state ermine and the snow-white
robe of law.

For the present the account between Jo-
sephus and the law stand thus. Josephus
has committed the smallest theft imagin-
able. He has stolen food. For this the
law, professing to punish him with certain
months' imprisonment, has indicted capital
punishment; has overtasked, crucified,
starved—overtasked, starved, crucified—
robbed him of light, of sleep, of hope, of
life; has destroyed his body, and perhaps
his soul. Sum total—first page of account

—
Josephus a larcenist and a corpse.
The law a liar and a felon.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Mr. Eden's health improved so visibly
that Susan Merton announced her im-
mediate return to her father. It was a fixed
idea in this young lady's mind that she
and Mrs. Davies had no business in the
house of a saint upon earth, as she called
Mr. Eden, except as nurses.

The patting of attached friends has al-
ways a touch of sadness needless to dwell
on at this time. Enough that these two
parted as brother and young sister, and
spiritual adviser and advised, with warm
expressions of Christian amity, and an
agreement on Susan's part to write for ad-
vice and sympathy whenever needed.

On her arrival at Grassmere farm there
was Mr. Meadows to greet her. "Well,
that is attentive!" cried Susan. There
was also a stranger to her, Mr. Clinton.

As nothing remarkable occurred this
evening, we may as well explain this Mr.
Clinton. He was a speculator, and above
all, a setter on foot of rotten speculations,
and a keeper on foot a little while of lame
ones. No man exceeded him in the art of
roasting in bad paper or parchment. He
was sanguine and fluent. His mind had
two eyes, an eagle's and a bat's; with the
first he looked at the "pros," and with the
second at the "cons" of a spec.

He was an old acquaintance of Mead-
ows, and had come thirty miles out of the
way to show him how to make 100 per
cent without the shadow of a risk. Mead-
ows declined to violate the laws of nature,
but said he: "If you like to stay a day or
two, I will introduce you to one or two
who have money to fling away." And he
introduced him to Mr. Merton. Now that
worthy had a fair stock of latent cupidity,
and Mr. Clinton was the man to tempt it.

In a very few conversations he convinced
the farmer that there were a hundred ways
of making money, all of them quicker than
the slow process of farming and the un-
pleasant process of denying one's self
superfluities, and growing saved pennies into
pounds.

"What do you think, John?" said Mead-
ows one day to Meadows. "I have got a
few hundreds loose. I'm half minded to
try and turn them into thousands for my
girl's sake. Mr. Clinton makes it clear,
don't you think?"

"Well, I don't know," was the reply. "I
have no experience in that sort of thing,
but it certainly looks well the way he puts
it."

In short, Meadows did not discourage
his friend from cooperating with Mr. Clin-
ton; for his own part, he spoke him fair,
and expressed openly a favorable opinion
of his talent, and his various projects, and
always found some excuse or other for not
risking a half penny with him.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

One day Mr. Meadows walked into the
post-office, Farnborough, and said to Jef-
feries, the postmaster, "A word with you
in private, Mr. Jeffries."

"Certainly, Mr. Meadows; come to my
back parlor, sir; a fine day, Mr. Meadows,
but I think we shall have a shower or two."

"Shouldn't wonder. Do you know this
five-pound note?"

"Can't say I do."

"Why, it has passed through your
hands."

"Has it? Well, a good many of them
pass through my hands in course of the
year. I wish a few of them would stop
on the road."

"This one did. It stuck to your fingers,
as the phrase goes."

"I don't know what you mean, sir,"
said Jeffries, haughtily.

"You stole it," explained Meadows, qui-
etly.

"Take care," said Jeffries, in a loud
quaver, "take care what you say! I'll
have my action of defamation against you,
double quick, if you dare to say such a
thing of me."

"So be it. You will want witnesses.
Defamation is no defamation, you know,
till the scandal is published. Call in your
lodger."

"Ugh!"

"And call your wife!" cried Meadows,
raising his voice in a roar.

"Heaven forbid! Don't speak so loud,
for goodness sake!"

"Hold your tongue, then, and don't
waste my time with your gasconade," said
Meadows, sternly. Then, resuming his
former manner, he went on in a tone of
calm explanation: "One or two in this
neighborhood lost money coming through
the post. I said to myself 'Jeffries is a
man that often talks about his conscience'
—he will be the thief; so I baited six
traps for you, and you took five. This
note came over from Ireland; you remem-
ber it now?"

"I am rained! I am rained!"

"You changed it at Evans', the grocer's;
you had four sovereigns and silver for it.
The other half were a note, and two sov-
ereigns and two half sovereigns. You
spared one sovereign, the rest you nailed.

They were all marked by lawyer Crawley.
They have been traced from your hand,
and he looked up ready for next assizes.
Good-morning, Mr. Jeffries."

Jeffries turned a cold jelly when he
saw; and Meadows walked out, primed
Crawley, and sent him to stroll in sight of
the post-office.

Soon a quivering voice called Crawley
into the post-office. "Come into my back
parlor, sir. Oh, Mr. Crawley, can nothing
be done? No one knows my uniform
but you and Mr. Meadows. It is not for
my own sake, sir, but my wife's. If she
knew I had been tempted so far astray,
she would never hold up her head again.
Sir, if you and Mr. Meadows will let me
of this once, I will take an oath on my
bended knees never to offend again."

"What good will that do me?" asked
Crawley, contemptuously.

"Ah!" cried Jeffries, a light breaking
in, "will money make it right? I'll sell
the coat off my back."

"Humph! If it was only me—but Mr.
Meadows has such a sense of public duty,
and yet—hum! I know a way to influence
him just now."

"Oh, sir, do pray use your influence
with him."

"What will you do for me if I succeed?"

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